

WHAT EVERY WOMAN WANTS TO KNOW—THINGS THAT INTEREST MAID AND MATRON

TOO MUCH ECONOMY UNWISE, AS HUSBAND GROWS PROSPEROUS

Thrifty Wife Could Not Adapt Herself to Altered Conditions and Differences Ended in Divorce Court.

From time immemorial, the economical wife has been held up as the true ideal of womanly goodness and virtue, and in company with the good lady of Proverbs, who rose so early and worked so unceasingly hard, has been eternally cited as the real model.

But the reverse side of the picture is seldom shown, and recently a sad case of it was noticed. A little girl, who would have been a sweet little girl, but for one fault. She was "desperately" economical. Every little rag about the house she hoarded for dolls' clothes, every Saturday nickel she save, and even candy was laid by for a future occasion. Of the pleasures of life that that little girl missed!

As she grew up, the other children rather shunned her, for she grew harder as this spirit of economy developed with the years.

Then she met a man, who fell in love with her, and they were married. And at first they were happy. For he was poor and struggling, and she was a good, economical wife. But as the years slipped by, his income grew—and grew—and he wanted his wife to pause—only an occasional pause—and share his well-earned pleasures.

But alas! and alack! Did he decide to take her to the theatre, and take tickets for the best seats, she sat unhappily in their "box" or orchestra seats and urged the necessity for cheaper seats upon him. "Tom," she would say, "we could have seen this piece, or heard this music, just as well from the amphitheatre, where we used to go. Next time, we must go back there."

If he took her to any little tea-table dinners in town, he chose the best restaurants, and indeed he could well afford to do so. But all through the meal, that stupid little wife was sadly counting the cost, and when finally the waiter approached with the check, she would pounce upon it before her husband, and sadly sigh over its amount.

And then the inevitable happened! Since his wife could not happily share his well-earned pleasures, she utterly failed to adapt herself to altered circumstances, he sought consolation elsewhere, and soon found it in the society of women who were only too ready to help him spend his plentiful income. And the sad part was, that he really preferred his own wife to these—but she had failed him in the great essential, complete comradeship. The result of her too economical ways was the breaking up of the home, and the wearying of divorce. Adaptability to altered circumstances would have surely averted this.

Correspondence of general interest to women readers will be printed in this page. Such communications should be addressed to the Woman's Editor, Evening Ledger.

WOMAN SUFFRAGISTS OPEN WAR ON DEMOCRATS

Congressional Union Orders Members to Oppose Candidates of That Party.
WASHINGTON, Sept. 14.—"Withhold your support from all candidates for reelection to Congress whose names appear on the Democratic ticket," was the appeal sent today from the Congressional Union of pro-woman suffrage headquarters.

A "suffrage special" car left here today for Chicago with leaders to campaign for "the cause" in States where woman suffrage legislation is pending. The women voters in the nine suffrage States will be asked to "knock" the Democratic Congressional candidates.

Miss Alice Paul, leader of the Congressional Union, explained the union's policy today of antagonism to the Democratic nominees, regardless of whether such nominees individually favor equal suffrage, by stating that the union holds the party which is in power strictly responsible for not heeding the demand for suffrage legislation, regardless of individual friendships.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 14.—Predicting that the next States which will vote on woman suffrage in November will turn down the proposition to give the franchise to women, Miss Minnie Bronson, general secretary of the National Association Opposed to Woman Suffrage, left Washington last evening to assume personal charge of the anti-suffrage campaign in Nebraska, North Dakota, South Dakota, Montana and Nevada. Co-operating with Miss Bronson will be those speakers and field workers: Miss Marjorie Dorman, of New York; Miss Corvill D. Oliphant, of New Jersey; and Miss Markeson, of Ohio.

DARK COLORS IN FALL HATS

Bonwit and Teller's Opening Reveals Extremes in Size.

Darker shades characterize the fall and winter styles this season and they are being used on the really smart hats. Brown is the favorite color. Flowers, particularly roses, will be used to lighten and brighten the sombre velvets and beavers which will form the foundations of the hats, models of which were shown at Bonwit-Teller's opening this morning. These are exceptionally small or unusually large, as compared with the spring styles.

A smart model for evening wear is made with a silver metal crown and rather narrow brim. The crown is edged with skunk fur and a large pink rose with a rich spray ornament is fastened at the side, the arrangement giving a chic effect.

A specially stunning chapeau is fashioned with a brown beaver crown and wide satin brim of the same shade. This hat is trimmed on either side with large iridescent vines.

A rather large toque of black velvet is trimmed with very rich ostrich feather "fandels" arranged at either side and meeting in a graceful spray.

THE STRIVINGS OF ELLEN ADAIR IN PHILADELPHIA

Being the First of a Series Detailing the Experiences of a Real Flesh and Blood English Girl.

I have sat here, pen in hand, for hours—here in my shabby lodging, with its drab walls and flaring gas jet, its cheap furniture and its dreadful air of solitude—and my heart is so full of memories that I can scarce write! Ah! memories and old regrets. I will drive you away tonight, and be the old light-hearted Ellen Adair once more. Away with failure and loneliness! I must win out! I shall make good; this life dreaming is of no avail.

The rain is dripping on the roof tonight—a gentle, quiet rain, unlike the wild downpourings of this strange, wonderful country—and the sound of it on the roof takes me back to my little English village on the Sussex Downs, where life ran in its gentle courses as the falling rain, and I was young and sheltered. Youth and happiness! Oh, the sheer music of the words! Yet there are greater things in life than these, and I am learning them now. For the old Ellen Adair was a child—(oh, thoughtless person, who vegetated in her quiet English village; and now, she is learning a harder lesson, and in a new country, fighting a better and a worthier fight.

It seems years, instead of a bare two months, since that sunny summer morning when I sailed away from Southampton dock—with a big lump in my throat, my worldly all in my shabby trunk, \$10 tucked away in a corner of my shabby mourning frock, and a desperate determination to make good in the new and wonderful country to which I was going.

What crowded experiences have intervened since then! and I, Ellen Adair, an English girl, young and strong, and, ah! dear Heaven, still hopeful, am facing this new world alone. And the sheer loneliness of this rainy night is driving me to write the story of my life—I feel and think like so, but I am only 24—and in the old cracked mirror opposite I see a young face, with new, tired lines around the mouth. But there is added strength and resolution there.

I must begin my tale in earnest now, and away with sentiment! In my trunk there can be but little room for that. I am a worker, and must cease to dream. My childhood was a happy one, and, being happy, was uneventful. I was an only child, and in spite of much petting remained comparatively unspoiled. How well do I remember those old happy days in the English seaside town. My father, a country doctor, was so busy that I rarely saw him, but my mother was my constant companion, and I idolized her. She was the kindly sharer of my joys and of my sorrows, a real friend and companion.

The first break in my life was at the age of 15. I was sent off to boarding school in London, a quiet, unpretentious, middle-class school, where for two years I was a pupil. But in that sheltered haven we saw but little of London life. Occasional visits to the opera were a wonder, and a glory—the myriad glittering lights of Shaftesbury avenue and Piccadilly, the crowds of beautifully gowned women and their conventionally garbed male escorts, the swarming taxis—it was all so wonderful. The green beauty of Kensington Gardens or Regent Park was a favorite haunt for our afternoon walks, and I shall never forget my first glimpse of the King and Queen, the Prince and Princess of Wales, outside Buckingham Palace. How beautiful she looked with her golden hair, blue eyes and delicate complexion! I fancied that she smiled at us school girls, and we all loved her.

But a shadow fell on these happy days. My father, the hard-worked doctor, died suddenly, bequeathing to my mother and me a mere pittance, and a little cottage he owned in the south of England, in the heart of beautiful Sussex. There we took our abode. I was barely 17, and I found the peaceful village life a little dull. But I soon grew accustomed to our quiet existence and mother and I resented happily there. Enthus, our piano and long walks on the Sussex downs were our hobby. Oh! the beauty of the rolling moorland, with its clumps of trees and the soft, rustling beneath, its homely, sweet life and its beautiful English flowers. For seven years these things almost satisfied me. I say "almost," for at times I was vague longing for a wider horizon, would seize me a vague longing for "one crowded hour of glorious life" beyond the narrow negative happiness of my present quiet existence.

Of men in that Sussex village there were few, and most of these were married. In our seven years there I had but one proposal of marriage. He was the village apothecary, he sang in the village choir, he squatted dreamily, and I hated him! But I had just one vestige of a love affair the year before mother died, when I was 23. At a neighboring cottage that summer an artist arrived. Not a professional artist, but an amateur one. He stayed six weeks, and he made a painting of our little cottage, with the roses and honeysuckle clambering over its whitewashed walls and peering inquisitively in at the latticed windows. He thought it all beautiful. Many a day he took afternoon tea with mother and me in our small garden overlooking the rolling downs. I thought him very good looking. He was curiously attractive, tall and dark, with a certain odd intonation in his deep voice. "Ellen Adair, you strange child," said he to me one day, "some day you will wake up and your soul will grow. You will not always stay here; one day you must learn the realities of life. Live up to the highest always. You have great possibilities."

I remember a strange thrill went through me at his words, and just then a lark rose from a clump of bog myrtle nearby on the moor and soared, calling her heart out, to the very heavens. It seemed emblematic of his words, "Live up to the highest always!" And the artist man leaned back in his chair and slowly quoted the great words of Browning: "The lark's on the wing, the lark's on the wing, in his heaven, all's right with the world." "Remember that always, little girl," said he. "When things go right, and when things go wrong—God's in His heaven, all's right with the world!"

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You are invited to view the collection which is on display. Prices reasonable.



SMART STREET COSTUME IN SILK AND VELVET

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ACROSS THE COUNTER

The autumn and winter suits displayed by the shops show a number of features that stamp them definitely as the product of the season.

The plain coat and skirt that looked well from year to year is a thing set apart for sports' wear, in this fashion era, and absolute simplicity of cut and design is monopolized once more by the masculine sex.

When the tide turns, however, woman will, no doubt, appropriate whatever pleases her fancy in the tailored line.

But now, the coat is cut not of many colors, but with so many variations that it is hard to know just when a coat is a coat and not the upper part merely of the costume.

The sash is often the line of demarcation and the coat ends in a wide flaring skirt, that at a distance resembles the tunic. In reality, it is the redingote adapted to present modes.

Among the blue suits—and blue seems to hold its own in popularity—there are many to be found in good cut and material for \$20 and \$25. These are offered by the well-known department stores.

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DISTINCTIVE CHARM IN FASHION MODES THAT ENJOY FAVOR

Street Costume a Combination of Silk and Velvet Available for Morning, Afternoon or Evening.

There is a distinctive quality of femininity about many of the present modes, something of the charm and grace of a bygone day.

That this can be achieved without loss of the practical is well illustrated in the street costume shown today.

It is a combination of silk and velvet, velvet for the collars, buttons and ribbon sash, but it would be quite as effective in serge or cheviot.

The basque, the basque girdle the semi-basque; we are ringing the changes, but the motif is the same for morning, afternoon and evening wear. Yet its severity is modified in almost every instance to conform to modern standards. This generation refuses to be backrammed and bowed into immovability and a higher value is set on supple muscles than on a bodice without wrinkles.

Here, the basque is buttoned down the front quite plainly, but the fulness that starts at the side seam is one of the innovations of the present day modiste.

The stiff high collar shows the trend away from the low-necked blouse. There is a decided movement this season toward restoring the collar to its place and to doing away with the open-necked blouse.

Here, happily, we have a compromise. It is buttoned quite high, yet enough of the throat is free for ease and comfort. The long sleeve, that comes not only over the wrist but almost to the knuckles, is in evidence. It is a dictate of the fashion authorities from which there is no reprieve for the present.

The sash, that appears at the back or the side or front in nine out of ten costumes, in a narrow ribbon affair in the illustration.

It is tied loosely and falls into place naturally over the skirt proper and below the basque.

There is particularly graceful adaptation of the tunic. It is open in the front, showing the underskirt. It is slightly full and only a few inches shorter than the dress.

Judging from the model frocks exhibited and from the costumes designed by the shops for the general public, we are reluctant to part with the tunic. It has been on the carpet for so long that one wonders. Whether women enjoy wearing something that dances, or whether it really is becoming to tall and short and thin and heavy, is a matter to be decided in the future when it has given away to something else.

But the tunic is here in every shape and form. Perhaps one of its charms for the many lies in the fact that it can be made at home by the skillful amateur.

The illustration shows so effectively the fashion notes of the season that it would make an excellent model for the college girl or even schoolgirl.

And it has the advantage of being suitable for the classroom or the street without change or addition.

MARTEN AND LYNX TIES WILL BE AUTUMN VOGUE
Popularity of Fitch Capes Also Is Assured for Fall Wear.

The early autumn fur-wear is already decreed and actually on the market. A great demand will obtain for small neckties of marten and lynx, together with smartly designed fancies in ermine and white cone.

To be in the height of fashion, the smart woman will include marten and dyed con in her wardrobe, while broad-shaped stoles of muskrat or seal will be seen everywhere.

Fitch will be as popular this season as last, while chinchilla, otter, beaver and monkey fur will hold their own.

Vestees and waistcoats of fur will modernize the old fur styles which this season are to be reincarnated. The caped vestee style is exceedingly charming, and offers a wide scope for variety.

A really handsome fitch cape was noted the other day, not so full that it rippled at the waist line, but controlled in clever fashion by being invisibly fastened to an under vest of girdle-styled outlines made of seal. These capes, so important a part of the winter toilette of our debutante grandmothers, have once more come to the front, and will hold a prominent place all winter.

A charming combination was accomplished with a marten muff of fitch trimmed with seal skin rosettes, and with a black seal bow of tailored dimensions adorning the oval-shaped cape at back and front. Handsome novelties in fur pelts will abound this fall.

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